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AT
THE
BEAUTIFUL
GATE
CHAMBERS



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Cordially Yours.
J. Menck Chambers

At The Beautiful Gate.

A Book of Poems for the Heart

BY

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H. MENCH CHAMBERS

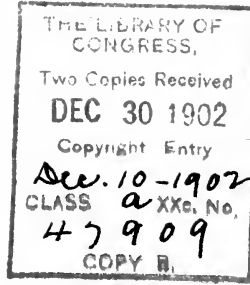
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Author of "Harold Payson."

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Jan 7, 1903
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To My Mother

WHO HAS LONG LIVED WITHIN THE CITY, THE GATE
OF WHICH IS CALLED "BEAUTIFUL," AND WHOSE
GODLY LIFE IS AN INSPIRATION AND
CHERISHED MEMORY, THESE
VERSES ARE LOVINGLY
INSCRIBED.

INTRODUCTORY

The heart needs the medicine of hope and the ministry of cheerful and comforting words. The sick, the weary, the troubled, the discouraged, and the sorrowful, are yet daily laid at "the Gate Beautiful," and it is the business of those who travel for the King to help in their healing through such service as He commands.

The voiceless prayer, uttered, yet unheard by the passing pilgrim, oft finds its answer in what the Master bids us say or do.

Assured in many ways of the help given to hundreds to whom some of these verses came, they are gathered into this form, together with the addition of a large number of later poems for the heart.

They are sent forth on their errand with the prayer that they may prove to be words coming in season to such as are weary, and who need their message.

I. M. C.

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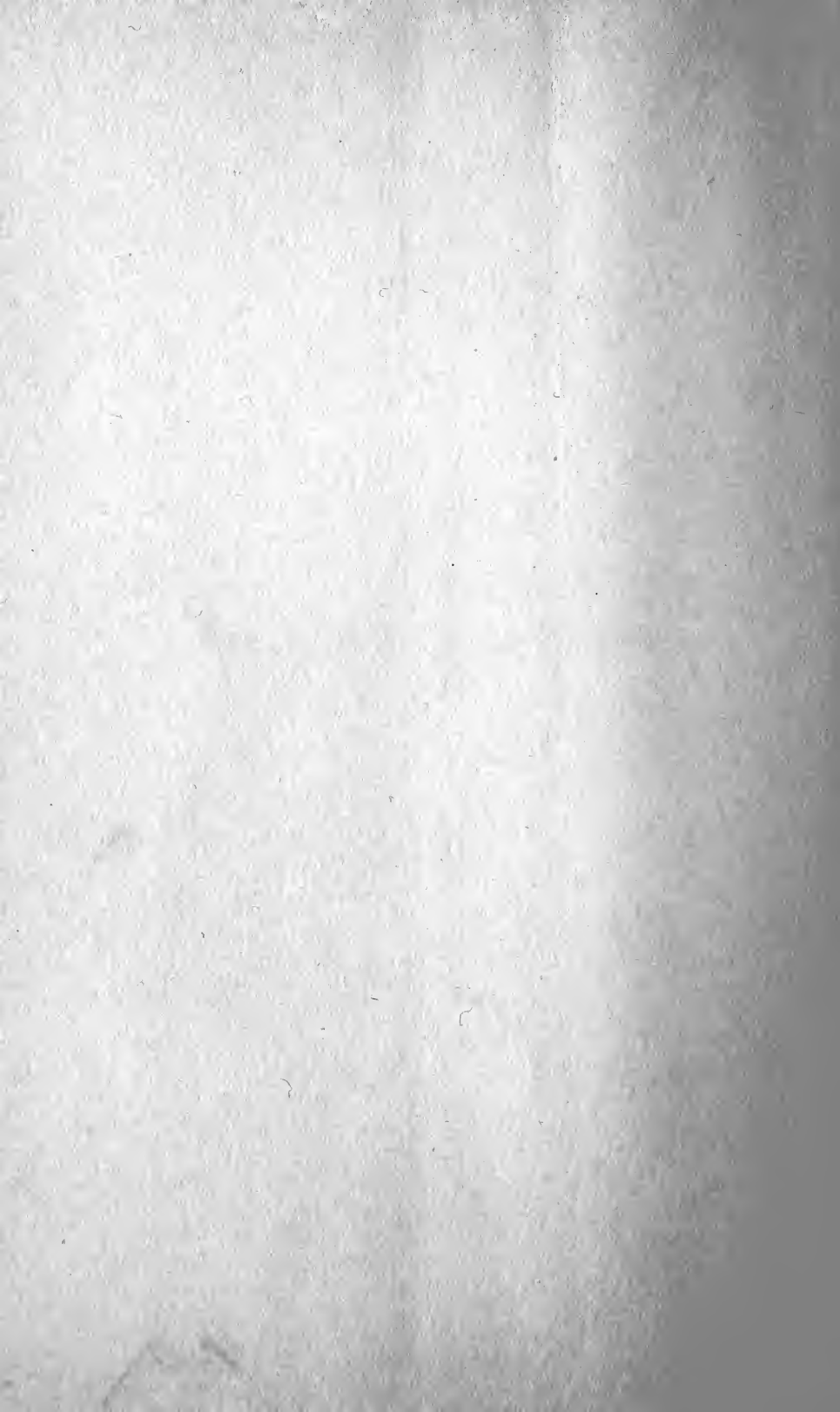
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AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE.

At the Beautiful Gate
Of the Temple grand,
A cripple sat, holding
In pity his hand
For the dole of mercy
The pilgrim might lay
In the palm of a beggar
Who sat by the way.

Both the rich and the poor
Are passing to-day ;
They seek the blest Temple
To worship and pray,
As the beggar in want
Beseechingly pleads
For the silver and gold
For life's many needs.

As the rich gave their gold
A stranger draws near,
Who leaves him a message
Of hope and of cheer ;

Then stooping beside him
He whispers a name
Which hath power to save
The helpless and lame.

The message he left him
Hath often been told:—
“That not in my keeping
Are silver and gold,
But the wealth which I have
I now give to thee,—
In the name of the Christ,
Rise, walk, and be free.”

Near the Beautiful Gate
Are the needy still,
Whom we can oft gladden
For Christ if we will;
And above the archway
This truth I can see:—
“Whenever ye do this,
Ye do it to Me.”

BELLS OF PEACE.

Far within my soul's seclusion,
Where the world's harsh noises cease,
Daily chime, in cadence tender,
Those sweet bells,—God's bells of peace.

Freed from touch of outer discords,
Though below earth's chariots roll,
Angels strike the notes of Heaven
In the belfry of the soul.

Peace, sweet peace, with tone so tender,
Doth the Lord of life, at will,
Touch each troubled heart and whisper,
From the belfry,—“Peace, be still.”

TO-DAY.

Oh, do not wait till afterwhile,
To-day's the time for deed and smile,
Just now dispense your gifts of grace,—
Just now, as you meet face to face.

To-morrow's grief cannot atone,
If we have fail'd to love our own,
Or leave a bit of sunshine fall
Along our little path for all.

Life in its worth to me and you
Will always lie in what we do
For others, with a touch of heart,
As, day by day, we meet and part.

THE STRANGER'S THOUGHT.

Just a few were there to hear
Of the sympathetic tear
Which the Saviour, long ago,
Shed at sight of human woe.
Yet the preacher drew it plain—
Those who heard saw Christ again
Stooping yet o'er pain and loss—
Lifting with us still the cross.
One among the few, that eve,
Did not in this truth believe ;
One whose lot in life was sad ;
Griefs and burdens he had had,
Yet, in all, no tender word
From a Christian soul was heard.
He had borne his griefs alone,
On his way no mercy shone.
When the preacher called for prayer,
Deacon Brown arose, and there
In the presence of the few,
Sought for each a better view
Of the Master's loving thought ;
Prayed that each might there be taught
How to see in Him a Friend
True and steadfast to the end.
As he closed his prayer, 'twas then
That those gathered said, "Amen!"
From the meeting and the prayer,
Disbelieving, in despair,

This poor soul, so often hurled
'Gainst the sorrows of the world,
Homeward turned, and not a word
From a single soul was heard ;
Not a hand-grasp there was given
To this one so sorely driven.
Christians? Yet their grace was stayed,
Though in earnestness they prayed.

* * * * *

This is what the stranger thought :
"Did they feel what there was taught?
Why not seek to answer prayer
When a weary heart was there?
Why not *show* the tender side
Of the Christ, the crucified?

* * * * *

This is why, e'en to this day,
Many doubt while Christians pray ;
And since love will not relieve,
Many souls will not believe.
So let *thy* light in brightness shine,
That others see the Christ divine ;
And, through Brotherhood, find rest
On Christ's sympathetic breast.

THE LESSON OF TRUST.

I've learned as days have passed me,
Fretting never lifts the load,
And that worry, much or little,
Cannot smooth an irksome road;
For you know that somehow, always,
Doors are opened—ways are made,
When we strive to live in patience
Under all the cross that's laid.

He who waters meadow lilies
With the dew from out the sky;
He who feeds the flitting sparrows
When in need of food they cry,
Never fails to help His children
In all things, both great and small,
For His ear is ever open
To our faintest far-off call.

So take up the duty nearest,
Trust, and do your very best,
And you'll learn that priceless lesson,
How to leave with God the rest.

LIFE'S LITTLE WINDOWS.

Sitting by life's little window,
We have seen God's love go by;
Bearing tenderly a blessing,
Where His soul heard but a sigh.

'Twas a touching plea, though wordless,
For a true wish is a prayer;
And they rise from unseen sources,
Moving God's heart everywhere.

Yes, the road o'er which He travels
With His mercies is not new;
And from off this royal highway,
Is a path that reaches you.

Do you see the angels coming
Down this footpath to your door;
Bearing tenderly God's mercies,
Day by day, in boundless store?

Sitting by life's little window,
Watching how God's love goes by;
Thankful, let your praises pass it,
On their journey to the sky.

OUR LACK OF HEART.

"I shall pass through this world but once, Any good thing, therefore, that I can do, or any kindness that I can show to any human being, let me do it now. Let me not defer it or neglect it, for I shall not pass this way again."

Sometimes we only pass, then part,
In sunshine times or rain,
We hasten on with lack of heart,
And never meet again;
We look into each other's face,
Or hurried grasp the hand,
And do not longer wait, because
We do not understand.

We leave the cheerful words unsaid,
We gaze with vacant stare,
When 'tis, perhaps, an hour which calls
For sympathy or pray'r.
We tread life's dusty road in haste,
And selfish seek our goal,
Unconscious of the needs which plead
From out a weaker soul.

Thus through neglect we lose from life
What life was meant to hold—
The ministry of helpfulness—
And callous grow and cold;
We meet, but pass with empty hand
Hearts which appeal in vain;

We pass, and leave our good ungiven—
And never meet again.

To mark the tests of tenderness
Which lie within the days;
To prove our sympathy and love
In little helpful ways;
Ah, this will gild life's eventide
With mem'ries that are blest;
For they alone are restful there,
Who did for all their best.

SOME DAY, DEAR HEART.

Some day, dear heart, we'll find again,
Not now, but afterwhile,
The prayers we said, the life we lived,
The thought, the word, the smile ;
For naught is lost which God doth keep,
And of our sowing we shall reap,
Sometime, just afterwhile.

To-day we scatter here and there
In love of our dear Lord,
The little efforts of the heart,
The best we can afford ;
And pray that only His blest will
Shall guide us as our place we fill,
And covet nothing more.

Yet often, as we quit the day
Our heart is sorely sad.
We wrought so poorly, ah, we fail'd
In moments we have had ;
So said our faithless heart, and we
Believed its doubts, and could not see
That God could bless it all.

But when our Lord shall come again
The turns we little thought
Would realize the hopes we held,
Shall come with blessings fraught.

Yes, in the blessed afterwhile,
The thought, the word, the tear and smile,
Shall compensate our heart.

ON THE BANKS OF NIGHTFALL.

Do not check life's little worries
Of yesterday on through ;
Leave each vexing thing behind you,
Let the morrow be all new.

Gather from the life which has been
Only what is good and best.
Be content while this you treasure
To forget and leave the rest.

Every morrow is a new day,
In which those will best live, who
Firmly by God's help determine
Not to check one worry through.

Leave them on the banks of nightfall;
Greet each morn with happy face,
Striving in content and gladness,
Thus for Christ to fill your place.

THE ANGEL.

Beside a tired heart
An angel came,
And whisper'd soothing words
In Christ's dear name,
And went her way, unseen
By mortal eyes;
None knew this deed, save God
Within the skies.

They never met again
Along life's way;
God plann'd that they should meet
Within a day,
When hearts see face to face,
In realms above,
And measure there the worth
Of thought and love.

THE BLESSED BY-AND-BY.

We shall read life's lessons better
In the blessed by-and-by,
When our Saviour is the teacher,
And we see with tearless eye.
We shall miss no word nor accent,
Neither shall we lose the place,
When we read life's harder lessons
With the Master face to face.

We shall read life's lessons better,
We shall learn them one by one,
In the City of the Ransom'd,
Where the crown of life is won.
We shall know about the crosses—
Yes, the loneliness and tears,
We shall read with God the meaning
Of the trials which fill'd the years.

There's a page within this volume,
Where our losses are explain'd,
A page we oft have studied,
When our souls were sorely pain'd.
We shall read it over yonder—
And how different it will be,
When the light of Home shall guide us,
Our Father's thought to see!

THE SAVIOUR'S TEARS.

He spake unto a broken heart
Of how the Saviour's tears
In pity fell in sorrow's time
Back in the distant years;
And knelt amid the bruis'd reeds
And pray'd the Christ to feel,
The anguish of another soul
And lift His hand to heal.

'Twas just a word in His dear name,
Warmed by affection's glow;
Spoken in tenderness and love
Where God had bade him go,
And through the touch of brotherhood,
The Master chose His way,
And down amid the tears and sighs
His love breathed calm that day.

Ah, oft the road of life is dark
To other hearts than ours;
And leaden skies hang over them,
While we see beauteous stars.
And mercy's mission is to stoop,
With Christ, with helpful hand,
To raise the weak, and solve the stress
They little understand.

EACH DAY'S MOTTO.

To choose this motto for each day,
Will be a blessed plan:
"I'll try to do one good, kind deed
For Jesus if I can."

I'll try to see in other lives
What He would have me do
And in a tender, noiseless way,
Be kind and good and true.

I'll try and make each little day
Record one deed of love,
Which I may read at eventide—
And find fulfill'd above.

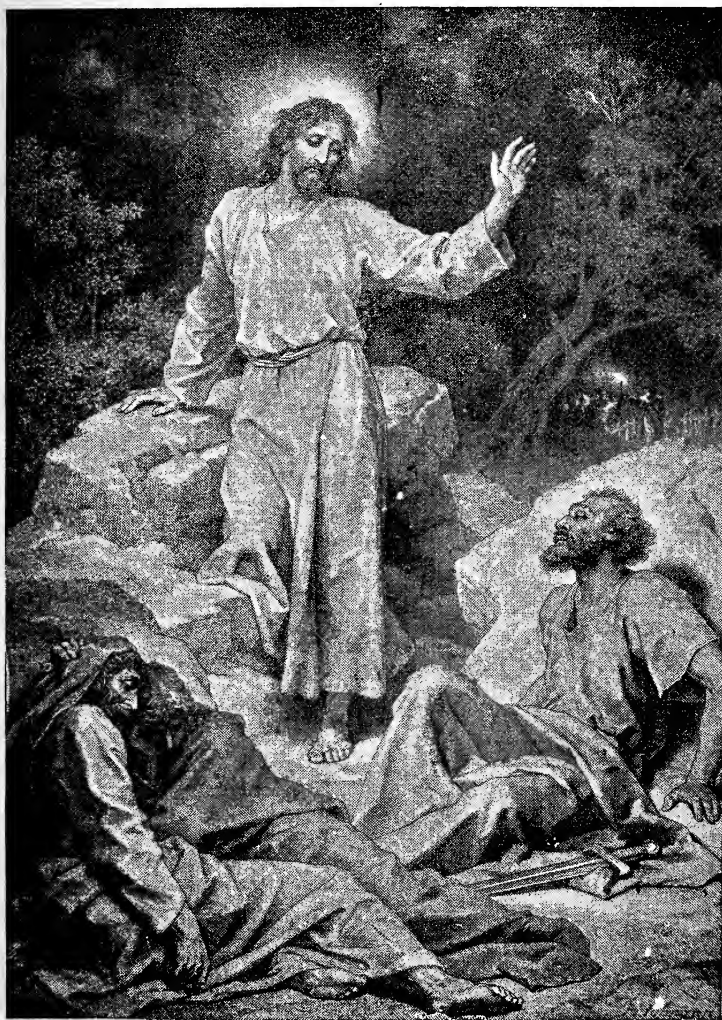
THE HEAVY CROSS.

Is the burden very heavy,
And do you ofttimes pray
The Master to remove it,
From off your heart to-day?
Ah, soul, life's richest blessings
Hide 'neath a cross sometime;
It may be this you carry,
Foretells of bliss sublime!

The truest life when all is weighed
Is not the careless day
Through which the sun continuous,
Doth shine upon thy way.
The cloud which casts its shadow
Where truest joys may rest,
In Heaven may prove to be
The day of all the best.

The love of God doth mingle with
Our life where'er we roam,
And ne'er a cross is sent us,
Which may not help toward Home;
The tear, the heavy heart and sigh,
The sorrow-time, the loss;
Each point toward endless blessing,
Through faith, beyond the cross.

To bear the cross in patience,
Sore though its weight may be;



At The Beautiful Gate—3

“IS THE BURDEN VERY HEAVY?”

To suffer where the Master
Fixes such times to thee:—
This guides to sunsets golden
At last within the West,
Where God doth crown the faithful
With endless life and rest.

So bear the heavy burden
Which God appointeth thee:
Walk with a trustful spirit
When 'tis too dark to see;
Let not distrust nor murmur
Find in thy soul a place:
Bear till the Master cometh,
Thy cross by His given grace.

For always close beside thee
When known to care and stress,
God's guarding angels hover,
In ministry to bless;
'And when we reach the Homeland,—
To-morrow it may be,—
Each cross will have a meaning,
Which now we fail to see.

Dear Saviour, keep us trustful,
Though sorely pressed to-day;
Shape life into Thine image,
As potters do the clay;

And by Thy touch perfected,
Bring us at last to see
That life is crowned because
We bore our cross for Thee.

IN THEIR ARM CHAIRS.

In their arm chairs by the window,
Age sits looking toward the West,
As the shadows of the evening
Fold the tired hours to rest,
Gazing through that wide perspective
Which a Christian faith can throw,
As from Heaven, before the aged,
As they wait with God below.

Through the sunset's open gateway
Methinks the angels bear
Messages of kindly greeting
Down around the old arm chair.

In the bliss of such communion
Heaven oft finds us unawares,
As we gather round the aged
Waiting in their old arm chairs.
Close beside their quiet rocking
We have dropp'd full many a care,
And found rest from troubled heartache
While in need we tarried there.

Blessed souls, oft torn by sorrow,
How they wept as we met loss,
And while rocking by the window
Bore with us our heavy cross.

Father, keep their evening cloudless,
And when Thou dost need them THERE,
Give us strength to bear their absence
From the time-worn old arm chair.

THE HOMELAND SKIES.

A cheerful word, a sunny smile,
As we meet face to face;
An act of love, a helping hand,
Given in kindly grace:
These are the stars whose fadeless light
Shines down as daylight dies,
And points to blessings farther on,
Beneath the Homeland skies.

To-day we'll leave them then, and pray
That while the sunbeams shine,
We each may give the passing hours
A touch which is divine;
And write the record of the years,—
In characters of grace,—
In that we've serv'd God's children well
As we met face to face.

WIND AND TIDE.

The ocean is wide,
But a timely tide
Rolls in from the unknown shores,
To carry our bark
O'er the waters dark,
Where the heart hath treasur'd stores.

And the winds adrift
Well their burden shift,
As they fill the dove-white sails,
And it's good to know
That the winds will blow
For the life that sometimes fails.

For upon the sea,
Where our lives must be,
God's wind bloweth sure and strong,
And where'er we glide
He sendeth the tide
To further our lives along.

THE MASTER KNOWS.

Be quiet, soul! Thy Master knows
The trying day,
And in the midst of pain and tears
I hear Him say:
"I love thee still, cast all thy care
Upon thy Lord, and leave it there."

The blessed Christ is wondrous kind
To such as thee;
For as thy day, has He not said,
Thy strength shall be?
Ah, restful truth in which to hide
When burdens press and cares betide!

God's love will hold, though dark the hour;
This love is thine.
Fear not, dear soul, but rest beneath
The wings Divine;
And shelter'd there, be anxious still,
With patient heart, to bide His will.

And afterwhile, at eventide
It will be light;
And as you then shall view the past,
All will be right;
For God sends naught within these days
For which thou shalt not give Him praise.

Be quiet, then, let faith suppress
Disturbing thought,
And urge thy soul to lean and wait,
However fraught;
For in the Christ, thou hast a Friend
Whose love is constant to the end.

AS THE DAYS GO BY.

Stealing up near to the weary
To whisper some word of rest ;
Telling of God and His goodness
To those by the tempter prest ;
Showing a bright ray of sunshine
That was lost because of tears,
Bringing to view a blessed hope
Eclipsed by doubts and fears.

Speaking about the good future
To those disturbed by care,
Who never think for a moment
That peace may await them there.

Making some burden the lighter,
Sheltering souls that must roam,
Placing a light in thy window
To guide some prodigal home ;
Dispensing thine alms in secret ;
Helping the poor when they cry,
Making this old world the better
As the days and years go by.

Faithful to meet every duty,
Seeking the will of your Lord,
Doing some service of mercy
Shall joy another afford ;

Spending the years of a life-time
For the good which you can do
In directing those around you
To that which is right and true,

Making *your* pathway to Heaven
More beautiful every day ;
Gaining new faith in God's promise
By work for Him on the way ;
Thus drawing somewhat the nearer
And learning a little more
Of God, and the Christ He sent thee,
Than ever you have before.

HE COMES AGAIN.

Life is but a small hour's watching

'Twixt now and then,

For afar I hear His footfall,

He comes again.

I know not when beside my door

The Lord shall stand,

And knock for entrance, soft and low,

With pierced hand.

To me that hour remains untold,

Most wonderous kind

Is He, who holds that moment, thus

Mine eyes to blind;

Lest childish fear might sometimes mar

The work in hand.

Ah, well doth God who loveth me,

All understand.

Yet each hour shall find me watchful,

'Twixt now and then;

For I know my Lord is coming

For me again.

With the tasks of life all finished,

When toilings end,

In the doorway I would meet Him,

The Lord, my Friend.

UP IN HEAVEN.

For aching hearts sweet Heaven holds
The only cure
For cares which press against the soul,
And oft obscure
Our fondest hopes, shall each be lost
Within its rest,—
When God shall fold our tired lives
Close to his breast,
And whisper in love the meaning
Of pain and care ;
And show how these as angels kind
Help'd lead us there.
And as then we view our losses.
These days shall hold
Treasures of soul-life richer far
Than costly gold.

DISCONTENT.

A lowly place and humble task,
What doth such service mean I ask?
Why doth my Master make me yield
My wish to serve some larger field?
For what can grow in soil so poor—
The ground is hard, the place obscure?

To fairer fields and richer soil
I'd go to sacrifice and toil,
And yet to me this truth is clear—
The Master knows why I am *here*.
So I will sow, and trust his grace
For harvests from this lowly place,
And in my patience wait to see
His purpose strange in sending me.

Toil and tears run through the years,
But afterwhile the fruit appears,
And reapers many, come to share
The gifts of sacrifice and care.
And now, at last, 'tis all made clear
Why God saw fit to send me here.

Ah, ye who sometimes fret and pine,
Because an obscure place is thine,
Let this plain truth thy soul inspire,
To leave thy life in God's desire.
Toil ever on, whate'er the stress,
Sow always seed the Lord can bless,

And afterwhile you'll come to trace
An heavenly purpose in your place.

This thought may oftentimes peace afford—
That thou art serving as thy Lord
An humble place, yet of design,
Which comes from out His heart Divine.

HAST THOU WALKED WITH HIM?

Hast thou walk'd long with the Master
By the paths His feet once trod,
There to learn the secret meaning
Of a life control'd by God?
'Tis in these diviner pathways
Love fulfills the king's request,
And lets falls her benedictions
O'er the needy and oppress.

Hast thou walk'd long with the Master
As He soothed a troubled soul?
Hast thou felt the Saviour's pathos
As He said to such, "Be whole"?
If thou hast, then thou can'st visit
Human sorrows as did He;
Thou can'st bind the broken hearted
As did Christ of Galilee.

Hast thou walk'd long with the Master
Underneath a heavy cross,
There to learn with Him the meaning
And the pain of human loss?
Ah, 'tis here we learn far better
What of sacrifice it cost
God's own Son, the Christ, the Saviour,
To redeem and save the lost.

Yonder from the shores celestial,
As of yore by Galilee,

Let us hear the Master calling,
 "Child of earth, come, follow me."
Follow as the Spirit leadeth,
 In those ways My feet oft trod;
Find therein the path of promise,
 Leading upward unto God.



At The Beautiful Gate—4

“‘COME TO ME, I AM THY SAVIOUR.’”

JESUS AND THE CHILD.

Do we hear the Master calling
To the children as of old,
Can we hear this day the story
Which the blessed Saviour told
Of the lamb, the loving Shepherd
Lost within the mountain wild;
How with tender search He sought it,
Weary, and of sin defiled?

Down the pathway of the ages
Jesus walks with watchful eye,
And He calls each little child-heart
As he sees it passing by,—
“Come to Me, I am thy Saviour,”
And His stainless touch one more
Lays upon their heads a blessing,
Just as did His touch of yore.

We may teach the little children
To see Him in the flowers;
To mark His gracious Presence
As He walks among the hours.
Yes, our hands may lead them surely,
Till His arms around them bend;
Till they learn to see in Jesus
Their blest Lord and dearest Friend.

Call them, call them! for He's coming
In these happy springtime days;

And his ear, I know, is listening
For the children's song of praise.
Let them hail the dear Redeemer,
And as older people see,
May the children's praises lead them,
Dearest Master, unto Thee.

ONLY A WORD.

In God's dear name
I spake a word,
And afterwhile
I sweetly heard
It coming back to me.

A saddened soul
In lands away,
Had heard its sound
One cloudy day,
And through it comfort found.

He sent it back,
And bid me speed
It out again,
Where hearts had need,
That *they* might share its good.

And now I'm glad
I spoke the word,
And thank the Lord
That it was heard
By one whose life had need.

PRAYER.

I love to steal away sometimes
From busy hours all fraught with care,
And quietly alone with God
Relieve my heart through prayer;
For it always soothes the spirit—
It braves the heart anew,
And though life seems perplexing,
God doth my strength renew.

For the spirit worn finds resting,
As it nears the Father's heart,
And makes known its doubts and trouble,
And beside the bitter part;
How the hours oft seem distracting,
How our work seems when the sun
Bids adieu to us at evening
And the day of toil is done.

But what peace glides in from Heaven
When God's voice falls on our ears,
Telling us He still doth love us,
Though our work so poor appears;
That He sees us as we labor,
And well knows we mean all right,
Though we oft come empty-handed,
When we leave the field at night.

ONE LITTLE LIFE.

Just one little life to live,
So to-day,
I will pray
That each word and act of mine,
May reflect the Christ divine,
Whom I love.

Just one little life to give,
As the day
Wears away!
And in faith I look to see,
What this life shall bring to me
When 'tis done.

Just a little life to live,
Soon I'll wait,
By yon gate;
Just beyond which mansions lay,
There to hear my Saviour say,—
“Welcome home.”

TO-MORROW.

'Twill all be right to-morrow,
So put by thy sorrow ;
For you'll better know,
As God shall show,
Why the winds blew rain,
And the heart had pain
 Yesterday.

'Twill all be well to-morrow,
So trouble do not borrow ;
The adverse winds shall cease,
The sky shall clear in peace,
All waves shall fall asleep
On the quiet of the deep
 To-morrow.

In face of wind and tide
God wisely doth provide,
For Christ of Galilee
Now walks the sea with thee,
And through the gathering night
He points thee to the light
 On the shore.

OUR FATHER'S HOUSE.

Our Father's house lies yonder,
To faith its shining dome
Doth rise to guide the pilgrim
Toward God and Heav'n and Home.

There dwell the lost and long'd for—
The Saviour, too, is there,
And oft in silence riseth
This simple, heart-felt prayer:

“Oh, guide my way, dear Father,
Cross shadow and through shine,
To meet again in Heaven
The lov'd of Thine and mine.”

Our souls still cling, though absent,
And yet we feel the pain
Of sunder'd loves—but yonder,
We'll meet our friends again.

The heart ne'er aches in Heaven
And loneliness and tears
Shall never cross to sadden
Those glad eternal years.

Our Father's house lies yonder,
To faith its shining dome
Doth beckon weary pilgrims
Toward God and rest and Home.

FROM NEAR-BY PULPITS.

In everything about our path
Some lesson God is teaching,
And from these pulpits now-a-days
Grand sermons He is preaching.
The vine which climbs up yonder wall
Has as its theme "grace-growing,"
And seeds that stand by basketfuls
Discourse to men on sowing.

The bud pulsating 'gainst its hull,
Its spring-time hopes renewing,
Is whispering unto laggard souls
The words, "Be up and doing."
And sparrows from their half-built nests,
By cottage eaves, are showing
How souls ought build for better things
While spring-time hours are going.

The robin who, from spired pine,
His happy song is singing,
Is telling how our hearts should joy
To other lives be bringing.
And sunbeams straying from the sky,
With benedictions golden,
By many a sigh, inquire why
Our hearts are so withholden.

LOANED TO THEE.

God keeps the hours, and loans to thee,
For use, a few,
And says, "Fill each with thoughts of Mine,
Faithful and true.
Gird every purpose, make it bend
Toward holier life, and, in the end,
Likeness to Me."

God keeps all grace, and lends thee thine,
Just as thy day ;
So, falter not, nor miss His thought,
But ever pray,
That as He leads, no matter where,
Thy soul may find God's presence there,
To strengthen thee.

God keeps the end, and grants to thee
To reach its bound,
And leads thee thither, step by step,
When faith is found.
The hours of life are meant to trace
The miracles of love and grace,
Upon the world.

Our heaven lies in loving Him
Within these days,
And peace eternal is but life
Set to His praise ;

And joy unending is the thought
That through the years we fully wrought
The Master's will.

IF THE HEART IS NOT SINCERE.

You may gather with the people
In the temple, in the square,
And be first among the company
Who on Sunday worship there ;
You may sing the hymns of Zion,
And give your coins in gold,
And yet fail to meet the Master
Or live within His fold.

Outward form has little meaning
If the heart is not sincere ;
Costly edifice and organ
Do not bring the Saviour near.
'Tis the longing soul who woos Him
By the inward wish and prayer,
And where life thus opens to Him,
He will surely enter there.

This may be in costly temple,
Or beneath the open sky ;
"For where'er they truly seek Me,
There to bless," saith Christ, "am I" ;
There to rich and poor a blessing
From the Source of Life will fall ;
For the Heav'nly gifts are reckon'd
By a contrite heart, to all.

What is gold or man's possession
To the Lord who reigns above,

Till he makes them outward symbols
Of a deep and heartfelt love?
Then each tribute and expression
With a holy radiance shine,
Which lights up earth's lower levels
With a life which is Divine.

THERE ARE MOMENTS.

There are moments in to-day,
God knows where,
When they who have a blessing
And can spare,
May confer as angels do:
Help to bring another through
A troubled day.

There are moments in to-day,
Seek to find,
For they hold an open way
To be kind
Unto such as seldom hear
Mercy's footsteps drawing near
Unto their door.

There are moments in to-day,
Find them all,
For our Father up in Heaven
Lets them fall,
And He wills that they shall be
Messengers with good from thee,
To such as need.

THE SUNBEAM'S LESSON.

A sunbeam shone from Heaven to-day,
And scattered its light abroad ;
As it hid its life in mine, it taught
This truth, in the voice of God :

“Go, carry, each hour, the light divine
From out of the realms above,
And as you touch in your path a life,
Just shine with an heart of love.

“The world is cold and the way is dark
For many whom you must meet ;
And life which shines for another's gain.
Is the life of all complete.

“ 'Tis thus the glory of yonder life,
In all of its health and bliss,
Becomes incarnate, from day to day,
In the emptiness of this.”

THE EMPTY DAY.

I told Him all about it—

 The empty day,
From which the loves I've cherished,
 Have passed away,
How the hours with untold sorrow
Drove the sunshine from the morrow.
 Yes, He knows.

THE HEAVENLY CHIMES

The heavenly chimes are ringing
From the Temple's tower afar,
And the stars are candles shining
Through the gates of pearl ajar

And the zephyrs are the voices
Of the spirit reaching all,
As they listen in the gloaming
For the Saviour's kindly call.

"Saying, come! where souls find resting,
And earth's heartaches ever cease;
Come toward Heaven, the holy city,
Where the bells are chiming peace."

MY HEART HIS HOME.

My heart a home for Jesus,
For this each day I pray:
A place so clean and holy,
That He will love to stay.

My heart a home for Jesus,
Restful, content, and calm,
Doing His will and making
Each little act a psalm.

My heart a home for Jesus,
Where He shall live with me,
To teach me every moment
His will in all to see.

My heart a home for Jesus,
Having Him ever near,
Teaching me more of Heaven
While I am living here.

ALL NIGHT TOILING.

How oft our all night toiling
On life's uncertain sea,
Brings us like Thy disciples,
Dear Master, unto Thee.

With empty nets, discourag'd,
Our souls drift towards the shore,
Where Thou dost wait to help us
By ways unthought before.

For life ne'er had a failure
Thy vision did not bound;
Experience has no channel
Thy plummet cannot sound.

Since Thou, oh Christ, discernest
Where life's successes lie,
May all our boats find guiding
By stars from out Thy sky.

For if we gather blessing
From toiling hard to-day,
It shall be said at evening
That Thou did'st lead the way.

NEVER A DAY.

There is never a day so sunny
But that some dear heart doth sigh
As it bears its cross of sorrow
'Neath a sad and sunless sky.

Ah, never a day? No, never,
But that some must know of pain,
And they cross the hours, full knowing
The meaning of stress and strain.

Yet the Man of many sorrows,
The Christ who was crucified,
Who felt the throes near Calvary,
Still walks by the Christian's side.

'Tis He that lifteth our burdens,
And shareth each rising care,
And sorrows of life grow lighter,
When we know that the Christ is there.

GOD AND FAITH.

“Be not faithless but believing,”
Trust in darkness as in light,
For the hand of God is firmer,
When He leads His child by night,
And I sometimes think we love Him
Most, when dimly we must trace
The lineaments of Fatherhood,
Which cross His kindly face.

Ever is our faith the weakest
When He leaves us walk alone,
In some path well lit by sunshine,
Where there's not a shadow thrown.
Here we learn those selfish lessons
Which the years steal not away,
Till our Father comes to lead us
Where earth's shadows thickly lay.

“Be not faithless but believing,”
Thou must teach us, Master kind,
By the sunless ways, it may be,
How a stronger faith to find.
Whether day or night is safest
For our faith, as here we roam,
Lead us, Father, as Thou deignest,
Only bring us safely Home.

CAN IT BE?

There's many a fainting brother
Walking by our side to-day,
Who it may be now is waiting
For the word which we can say;
Some one who, perchance, is friendless
Crowded by the busy throng,
Who this very hour is praying
For some help to make him strong.

Can it be that we are passing
With a Christian's song and hope,
Happy, yet to such unheeding,
Seeing by no larger scope
Than ourselves, though from the Master
We have heard our Father's will?
Can it be that we are turning
From some need which we may fill?

Open Thou our eyes, dear Saviour,
Teach us with the days to read,
As we pass beneath Thy goodness,
What may be our brother's need.
Let us have Thy mind more fully,
And 'tis then that we shall be
Servants of the King, dispensing
Blessings all the way for Thee.

Aid us when our human weakness
Staggers in its helplessness;

Give us grace direct from Heaven
For each daily need and stress,
And at last, when life is ended,
Up in Heav'n may others say—
“We are here because your kindness
Help'd us over life's rough way.”

THE LITTLE CHILD.

“Does the Master listen, mother,
As I kneel by you and pray?
Does God hear each word I utter,
From His home so far away?
Does He heed my childish pleadings,
Can God feel my troubles, too?
Will He come and help me love Him,
As He comes with help to you?”

“Yes, my darling, God will help you,”
Spake the mother, as she smiled;
“He will kindly bless your child-heart,
How God loves a little child!
Though He lives way off in Heaven,
Where the stars shine bright and clear,
Yet from thence He comes to hear thee,
As the hush of night draws near.”

Let me tell you how dear Jesus,
Long ago in Palestine,
Blest the souls of little children,
Just as now He blesses thine;
How with holy hands He prest them
Close against His loving heart,
And by silent benedictions
Made their lives of His a part.

Then He said to His disciples,
And to those that came to see,
“They who would My kingdom enter,
Must as little children be.”

CHRISTMASTIDE.

I muse to-night by the hearth grate,
And watch the red embers glow,
While memory flies on sylphine wings
To days of long ago.

Far back to a happy childhood,
How swiftly the years do glide!
For my journey is far, I find,
To my boyhood's Christmastide.

I muse to-night by the grate light,
And long for the olden days,
And the Christmas times of childhood,
With their mirth and cheerful lays.

In vain I wait for their coming,
For I feel the hour is late;
The voices of old are silent—
Alone, I sit by the grate.

* * * * *

Love your own, let Christmas be joyful,
To each some thoughtfulness show,
That later shall bring thee gladness
From days of the long ago.

OH, GENTLE CHRIST!

Oh, gentle Christ! of old a friend
To every need and pain,
Draw near unto our valley lives
And speak those words again
That point with hope each starless night,
Which hangs above the soul,
And soothe to rest the troubled waves
Which 'neath the moments roll.

For, as of old, our helpless souls
Look out from self to Thee,
And only as Thy touch is felt
The heart from need is free.
The tender winds of mercy still
Must fan us from above,
And naught can fill our lives with peace
Save whispers of Thy love.

So, then, dear Lord, within to-day
Let down from Heaven Thy care,
And teach us by Thy kindly way
Each heavy cross to bear,
Until each lesson we have learned,
Designed by shade and night;
Then lead us where the skies are clear
With Heaven's unchanging light.

OUR LIVES LIKE SHIPS.

Human lives, like ships, have courses
Where the storms prevail,
Storms which wrench our trusted rigging,
And test the toughest sail.
Yet amid each hour of trial
Which we of earth may see,
There bides the Christ, who calm'd of old
The Sea of Galilee.

There lies a way though oft unseen
By these withholden eyes,
By which to reach, though tempest-tossed,
Our home beyond the skies.
And those who leave these earthly ports,
With Christ as Pilot true,
Shall safely weather every gale
The years may lead them through.

Ten thousand thousand souls have cross'd
Upon this sea before,
Who now are safely anchored there,
Beside the golden shore.
And out across the trackless deep,
Where we to-day must sail,
These words of God so sweetly sound,
"My presence shall not fail."

And when at last our human heart
Has cross'd its trials and tears,

I know we'll anchor over home,
Beside those gladsome years,
In which the sorrows of the past
And heartaches ever cease;
Where flows forever as a song
The soul's unending peace.

OUR LOWLY PLACE.

There is many an humble Christian
Fenc'd within some lowly place,
Who is filling it with service
Which the angels love to trace ;
For the Master notes the purpose,
Rather than the place we fill,
And accounts that service greatest
Which is prompted by His will.

Down where hearts beat true and faithful,
Both in thought and kindly deed,—
Passing self to serve the Master,
There it is the world can read,
Living truths in heavenly accent,
Such as Jesus taught to men,
Thus it is in beauteous letters,
We may write His life again.

He that with his Lord has tarried,
He who with Him tarries still,
Learns the grandest of all secrets,
How each humble place to fill
With a service so convincing
That the heedless passing by,
Pause to read its deeper spirit,
And to note with eager eye.

Tired with much disappointment,
Crowded from full many a race,

Patient now they see the *semblance*
Of the life they meant to trace;
And through movings of the Spirit,
From thy life there breathes a hope,
That for them, though reached by failure,
Life extends with larger scope.

What, indeed, then, doth it matter,
Though a lowly place we fill,
If within its walled proscriptions
We can live the Father's will?
If another soul in passing,
Heedless of His love and grace,
Finds the Saviour dwelling with us,
Sees His image in our face?

THE FACE.

Upon the face
We each can trace
The shape the soul doth wear,
For every thought
Is outward brought,
And cast in image there.

THE CHRISTMAS LESSON.

We read the dear old story,
O'er and o'er this Christmas morn,
Telling how in old Judea
Our Lord, the Christ, was born.
We may hear the Christmas angels,
Singing sweetly from the skies;
See the Shepherds; greet the Magi
By the manger where He lies.

But we better keep the meaning
Of that early Christmastide,
If because we love the Saviour
We to-day will turn aside
From all narrow, selfish living,
And be broad and kind and true,
Scattering love's glad benefactions,
In His name, upon a few.

Just to tell that Christ is living,
Who in Bethlehem's town was born;—
Living in our hearts and actions
On this bright, new Christmas morn,
For so many lives are cheerless,
While our joy bells gladly ring;—
Who are waiting for the blessing
Which our Christmas gifts can bring.



At The Beautiful Gate—5

“WE MAY HEAR THE CHRISTMAS ANGELS.”



THE LITTLE BLESSING.

Each can leave some little blessing
'Long life's road way, I am sure,
And the cost is such a trifle,
If the heart is right and pure.

Yet these little turns bring healing—
Just a word, an act, a smile,
Fall as precious seed to ripen
Into harvest afterwhile.

Try each day to help some other
As you can. Be kind and true;
Always do as you would have them,
In exchange, do unto you.

'TIS SWEET TO LIVE.

When life is sunny and the heart is gay
And the roses bloom through the passing way,
And the zephyrs kiss with a kindly grace
The violets that laugh from their lowly place ;
And the stars shine down from the land of light,
As candles of God through the summer's night—
 'Tis sweet to live.

It is then you read in a language new
That God is good, that He is good to you.
For the sun, the rose, and the zephyr's kiss,
Each carry some gift from their world to this.
And the violets, by their fragrance rare,
Enscribe this truth on the perfumed air—
 'Tis sweet to live.

DOES THE MASTER KNOW?

Does the Master know when the heart has pain,
And the soul looks out through the drifting rain
That falls?

Do you think He sees, when the end seems lost
To the hopes I hold, and the heart is toss'd
By fears?

Does He note the ills, that I hourly know?
And treasure the pleas,—each whispered low,
To Him?

In the long ago, He was kind to all,
So I'll trust Him still, whatsoe'er befall,
And wait.

And I know, some day, I shall better see
The meaning of life, which is dark to me,
Just now.

SEEDS OF SERVICE.

Sow the shining seeds of service
In the furrow of each day,
Plant each one with serious purpose,
In a hopeful, tender way.
Never lose one seed, nor cast it
Wrongly with an hurried hand;
Take full time to lay it wisely,
Where and how thy God hath plann'd.

Thus the blessed way of sharing
With another soul your gains,
Which, though losing life, you find it
Yielding fruit on golden plains;
For the soul which sows its blessings,
Great or small, in word or smile,
Gathers, as the Master promised,
Either here or afterwhile.

Sow, this day, the seeds of service
In some life, as you can spare;
Bend above the soul you strengthen
For a moment's silent prayer.
Trust that somehow God will nurture
Deeds which love and faith afford,
Till the angel hands shall reap them
For the garners of the Lord.

BEYOND THE SUNSET.

Just beyond the sunset,
Just across the night,
Where the morning touches
The tomb with fadeless light,
Lies our soul's sure dwelling,
This life's sweet by-and-by ;
With every cross unshouldered,
Tears gone from every eye.

Each heart at times has yearnings
Which cross to yonder rest,
When days are marked by trouble,
And life is sorely pressed.
We look athwart the distance
Through faith's clear telescope,
And find within our vision
The life for which we hope.

NEARING HOME.

Far from my home, yet careful hands are leading—
The pierced hands of Christ, whom I know and love.
Far up the steep of life's insidious journey,
He calmly leads me, toward my Home above.

Far from my Home, but I am coming nearer,
Though prodigal my feet have often chose to roam,
Yet to my heart this consciousness is dawning—
With the moments passing, I am nearing Home.

Nearing the City, whose foundations centre
On the Rock of Ages, which is sure and tried;
Nearing the gates of pearl and walls of jasper,
Where before God's face the ransom'd souls abide.

Oh, tender Saviour, bring within Thy leading
Those whom I love, whose hearts beat warm with
mine;

Woo them to follow in Thy sacred footsteps,
Up from earth's poor dwelling to Thy Home divine.

There in the secret of Thy blessed presence,
Toil-worn nor weary shall we ever be—
Finding at last, with tearless eyes, our long'd for,
Who have cross'd before us to their Heav'n and
Thee.

THE VALE ILLUSIVE.

There lies so near us, close at hand,
A vale illusive,—spirit land.
'Tis bridged by silence, 'cross which roll
The noiseless chariots of the soul.

We touch its bounds with muffled tread,
We lay within its bourne our dead,
And wait with bated breath to hear
Some echo faint from out its sphere.

But silence quivers twixt our sighs,
Since speechless courtiers of the skies,
Invisible, receive our blest
And bear their spirits into rest.

While sense and reason wait in gloom,
Faith tarries by Emmanuel's tomb,
And sees its hopes triumphant rise
From out death's silence toward the skies.

EVENTIDE.

'Tis eventide,
And by Thy side,
 Oh, blessed Christ, we bow,
Conscious of sin,
Come reign within,
 And cleanse us, cleanse us now.

'Tis eventide,
Our souls would hide,
 So weary, Lord, in Thee;
Would find their rest
Upon Thy breast,
 And nestling peaceful be.

'Tis eventide,
Our souls abide
 For shelter 'neath Thy love;
Let angels keep
Us while we sleep—
 Angels from Heaven above.

'Tis eventide,
Oh, Crucified!
 O'er our loved ones bend;
From cares release—
Whisper Thy peace,
 And be to each a Friend.

NEW YEAR HOURS.

As the winged hours of life
Speed away,
Let them freighted be with good
Every day;
Let kind deeds with Christly grace,
In each moment find a place,
As they pass.

Let the acts of every hour
Sunshine throw
On the darker side of life,
As you go.
Make the world feel you are here,
Not to sadden, but to cheer,
Other lives.

Learn of Him, who said of old,
"Follow Me."
As thy guide in word and deed
Let Him be,
And your life shall values hold,
Richer, rarer, than pure gold
Of the mines.

PEACE, PEACE, BE STILL!

The bitter hour, the trying time,
When souls break down, though hard they climb
The steeps of life ;
'Tis then, ah then, a Friend draws nigh,
To hear our stress beneath each sigh.

No weary life is left alone
With burdens which the days have thrown
Upon the soul ;
For tender still is He of old,
Who listen'd to the sorrows told.

He comes our tired lives to meet,
And treads our paths with pierc'd feet,
Just as of yore.
He yet abides as sacred guest,
Where human hearts prepare Him rest.

Across our troubles oft is heard
The tender, yet emphatic, word,
"Peace, peace, be still!"
Why do we doubt though ills attend
Our life sometimes, with such a Friend?

Sure we can trust for days to be,
With such a guide, O Christ, as Thee,—
Trust all the way ;
For all who rest within Thy love
Shall safely reach the Home above.

LITTLE QUIET MOMENTS.

There's a little quiet moment,
Yes, a secret hiding-place,
Near to every hour of trouble,
When the Master shows His face,
When all burdens grow the lighter,
And the skies above shine brighter,—
'Tis blessed to be there.

You may find it if you seek it,
For it lies not far away,
You will reach it where the Spirit
Biddeth thee to stop and pray ;
And the burdens will grow lighter,
And the skies above shine brighter,—
'Tis blessed to be there.

You will never leave its quiet,
Or forget the meeting there,
And forever after, crosses
Will be easier to bear ;
For the burden will be lighter,
And the skies above be brighter,—
'Tis blessed to be there.

Not alone did Christ intend it
That life's trials we should meet,
"For My grace shall be sufficient,
And My presence thy retreat" ;

And the burden will be lighter,
And the skies above be brighter,—
'Tis blessed to be there.

Why should the days grow darksome,
And why should the hours be drear,
When just around the corner
We may find our Master near?
Just around the heart's sad sighing,
Close beside the hour so trying,—
'Tis blessed to be there.

Some day, safe within the City,
Saved by His constant grace,
Giv'n so freely as we tarried
In the blessed hiding-place,
We shall find all burdens lightened,
And the skies forever brightened,—
'Tis blessed to be there.

HE THINKS OF THEE.

To-day may hold a thousand cares,
And burdens press thee unawares,
And faint thy soul may be.
Thy needs may rise on broken sighs
Across life's shadows toward the skies;
But God doth think of thee.

He trod this way with lonely heart,
And bore for all the human part;
That He our need might know.
And now, ascended far above,
Still stoops to catch the call of love
Which rises from below.

The burden of thy heart He feels,
And every sigh of grief appeals
And finds its answer there.
No soul that knocketh needs to wait
In vain, for long, beside His gate,—
The Master heareth prayer.

A BROKEN HEART.

To-day I met a broken heart
Whose hopes were rent atwain
By sorrow, and I saw the tears
Run down like drops of rain.

I saw without, God saw within ;
I guess'd its stress, He knew ;
I brought to soothe a human word,
And then my task was through.

I may have failed howe'er I strove,
For grief hath depths I know,
Through which the fullest human heart,
In pity cannot go.

But up in Heaven there is a Friend
With sympathy most real,
Who reaches far below each grief
Which human hearts may feel.

'Tis He that meets us on the way
Where tears fall like the rain,
When oft our earthly loves and hopes,
By death are rent atwain.

THE HIGHER CALL.

Fret not thy soul about the way
Thy steps shall take
For God will make
Thy journey plain when it is time.
Then keep thou heart,
Do well the part
Which falls unto thy lot to-day.
Meet thou thy trial,
And sore denial,
And after this the call shall come,
To greater good.

For He whose eye is on the dial
Regards thy strength,
And will at length
Assign an ampler task to thee,
As fitness shows
To Him who knows,
When thou are ready for advance.
Then shall be heard
The Master's word,
"Go thou unto thy higher place,
The hour is come."

COME UNTO ME.

Come unto Me, ye weary, heavy laden,
All ye who by much care are sore opprest ;
Come unto Me, come bring thine every burden,
Bring thy tir'd heart, and I will give it rest.

Come unto Me, I know the paths you travel,
Weary ofttimes thy plodding feet must be,
Hard is thy journey, few are thy comforters,
Come to thy Rest, my child —'tis found in Me.

Burdens are lain on thee by weaker spirits.
Thou like thy Lord must oft be sorely prest
Into a service full of strain and worry,
Yet come to Me for sympathy and rest.

Come though thy needs be felt in vale or mountain,
Come to the "secret place," I will meet thee there.
Come tell to Me the untold stress and longing,
Come to the Father-heart, and He will share.



At The Beautiful Gate—6

“BUT THE MASTER’S WORDS HAVE COMFORT.”

THE TENDER CHRIST.

Go to Bethany with Jesus,
Hearts are breaking, oh, the tears!
But the Master's words have comfort,
And they echo down the years,
Reaching hearts that still are breaking,
With a sympathy Divine;
And to each the Saviour whispers:
"Make these precious sayings thine."

Go to Bethany with Jesus!
All your heart-aches are His, too;
And whatever loss is suffered,
He will be a friend to you.
There's a pathos in His pity,
Tender as a mother's sigh,
As He points up through earth's sorrows
To the Father's home on high.

EASTERTIDE.

Go forward, soul, to that event
Which to each life must come;
Go soothe thy fears of death
By this sweet resurrection hope,
Go live through every task and duty
For that life which lies beyond;
That life with plentiful reward
For every well-done service,
And the promise of a time,
When all unfinished toilings
Shall in Heaven be completed
Under God's own watchful eye.
Live for Him, with hopes of Heaven,
Which no spirit, near nor far, may question;
Live for life eternal—that life beyond the tomb.
Easter brings it near you,
Take it, and believe it—
Christ, your Resurrection
And your Hope.

THE SWEETEST MOMENTS.

Learn to hide within the secret
Of God's presence every day.
Learn to tell Him, as you tarry,
All the troubles of the way.
For no human friend will listen
With such patient, loving care
To the little ills and worries
As the Christ who meets thee there.

You will find your sweetest moments
In such fellowship Divine—
Yea, the very gate of Heaven—
Where the Master's features shine
In upon some hour's communion
Where the needs of life are told.
Ah! 'tis there the Saviour meets us
With His tenderness of old.

Find it while the days are passing,
Let thy moments each be blest
With the Saviour's benediction
Falling as you seek His rest.
Let Him stamp His image on you—
Chosen, pardon'd, sanctified,
Through the blood which flow'd for healing
From the Master's pierced side.

THE LIFTED LATCH.

With every day there comes a way,
With passing hours, a door,
Through which with joy we see an end
We dream'd not of before.

The latch is lifted when our feet
Upon the threshold stand,
And why adjustments thus are made
Is hard to understand.

Who sees us coming up the road?
What presence 'bides within?
Whose hand is it that lifts the latch
To let us enter in?

Ah, sure, 'tis One, who though unseen
By these withholden eyes,
Must watch our hesitating feet
From the windows in the skies.

It must be God who builds these doors
Athwart our pilgrim way;
It must be He who opes them, too,
For you and me each day.

And since Earth's gates are opened,
Shall we not find it true,
That when we knock at Heaven's
That will be opened, too?

BEARING PRECIOUS SEED.

He that goeth forth with weeping,
 Bearing precious seeds;
He that goeth as God's servant,
 As the Spirit leads;
Scatt'ring here and there the message,
 In the simplest way,
Shall return at length rejoicing,
 Bearing sheaves away.

He that goeth forth with weeping,
 Counting not the price,
Sowing for the coming harvest
 At a sacrifice;
Throwing seed where weeds grow tallest,
 On some barren plain,
Shall at last come home rejoicing,
 Bearing golden grain.

Ah, were the truth oft watered
 By the sower's tears,
We would find far better gleanings
 In the after years;
For 'tis when the heart is burden'd
 Unto weeping eyes,
That the Father sends the Spirit
 Downward from the skies.

FAITH.

Just to follow every day
Where God leads ;
Just to scatter all the way
Sunny deeds ;
Just to go, nor question why
Shadows fall ;
Ever looking up to God
Through them all.

Just to live through every day
Pure and right ;
Keeping from my heart always
Cares that blight ;
Just to stand with purpose strong
When I'm tried ;
Learning thus my every all
To confide.

Just to listen for God's voice
From within ;
Just to carry straight to Him
All my sin ;
Just to hope, when all *seems* ill,
For the best,
And in faith and patience then
Calmly rest.

THE HOMEWARD WAY.

God knows the road which rugged lies
Betwixt our feet and yonder skies.
He sees full well the steep incline,
And knows the purpose and design
 Back of it all.

The burden which the shoulders press,
The inward sigh, the outward stress :
The Father knows, and makes to fall
Within His goodness, after all,
 To those that love.

We sometimes feel our patience wane
Beneath the worry and the strain,
And oft forget the cruel thorn
By which our Saviour's heart was torn,
 And so complain.

'Ah, yes, too often do we frown
Beside the cross which holds the crown,
Forgetting Christ, who chose our way,
We fail to hear our Master pray :
 "Thy will, not mine."

The anxious thought, the bitter tears,
Which come and go, as rush the years,
Each touch an heart to ours akin,
Which reaches to a world of sin,
 To beat withal.

The clouds will part at sunset time,
To bathe with gold the paths we climb,
So take the way He bids thee press,
For days and years are growing less,
And rest is near.

And when as pilgrims, soon or late,
We reach our home by Heaven's gate,
The troubl'd days may brightest seem,
And fairer ones be as a dream,
So soon forgot.

DO YOU KNOW?

There is joy for every sorrow,
A real hope for every morrow,
With a peace to calm thy way,
Which is rough with storms to-day,
Do you know?

There is faith for every trial,
And for faces sad a smile,
With assistance from above,
Timely, and with thoughtful love,
Do you know?

There is light for darkness deep,
And for wakeful eyes a sleep
Which hath dreams of perfect rest
For the heart by cares opprest,
Do you know?

There is rest when labors end,
This alike to foe and friend;
Ere we reach it comes the night,
Just beyond *that* lies the light,
Do you know!

WANDERING BACK.

I was wandering back to-night, dear,
'Cross the years we've come together,
And I thought of the gladsome sunshine
And I thought of the cloudy weather.
It's been a good while since we started,
Do you remember that happy day,
When our friends called out, "God bless you,"
As gladly we hasten'd away?

It was early in life, you remember,
And youth beamed out of our eyes,
And hope was as bright as the stars
That then shone above in the skies.
We came to this very same hearthstone,
And that just fifty years ago,
And we lighted a fire as this, dear,
And sat in the sheen of its glow.

We watched the sparks flying upward,
And sang of hope and the years,
We outlined a picture of gladness,
But left from that vision all tears.
Those years have each come and departed,
And have wrought for us many a change.
I've been wandering back to-night, love,
Through those years which now look so strange.

You were then a youthful bride, my dear,
I was the lone joy of your heart,

We'd promised we'd pull together,
And we've done it, dear, from the start.
Very much that we had and loved fondly,
And toiled hard and long to get,
Fled far in an hour unexpected,
But 'mid all we're together yet.

Much joy that we never dreamed of
Graced many an hour of our life,
And sorrows they, too, came to find us,
And oft cut our hearts as a knife.
Yet now, as I bring up our life-time,
Though I weep 'mid much that is past,
I rejoice that we're still together
In these days we must call the last.

Our children, whose prattle and frolic
Filled these old rooms with their glee,
Have gone whither other loves bade them,
And it's lonely for you and for me.
But we know that they love us still, dear,
And this makes these days brighter, too,
For though they have left us, they love us,
Just as much as they used to do.

We sat by yon window together,
As life's storms beat over the way,
And we looked toward Heaven for clearing,
Those prayers are answer'd to-day;
For I saw in the evening's sunset
A message from God, traced in gold,

Which came, as the work of some angel,
And this was the message it told:

“E’en down to old age will My presence
Be near you as guardian Divine,
For the Lord of the birds and the lilies,
Keepeth watch over thee and thine.”

* * * * *

So we’ll sit by the old grate longer,
I will kindle the flame anew,
And we’ll wait for the nearing Stranger,
Who is coming for me and you.

TELL THY GLAD STORY.

Thou who dost know a better, brighter future,
Tell thy glad story where the world has need;
Whisper its meaning into some soul's doubting,
Let it be heard in every word and deed.

Thou who dost know the peace, past understanding;
Thou who dost keep God's spirit in the breast,
Tell of its joys amid the world's disquiet,
Thousands there are who dream not of its rest.

Thou who hast heard the Saviour's glad revealing,
The message of heaven, known by thee as true,
Herald it forth, for many hearts are listening
To hear the old, old story in accents new.

FAITHFUL, TRUSTFUL.

Cease, dear soul, to borrow trouble,
Leave to-morrow all with Me,
Live to-day, be faithful, trustful,
As thy days thy strength shall be.

I can see the far off future,
I will plan the best for thee.
Here's my promise, blessing bides there,
Where just now you cannot see.

Is not every sparrow cared for?
Thou art dearer than them all.
I'll provide thy food and raiment,
Let not anxious cares appal.

Seek my Kingdom, do thy noblest,
Live and trust, in faith obey.
Rest in God. Believe His promise,
"I will guide thee all the way."

Cease, dear soul, to borrow trouble,
Harbor neither doubt nor fear,
For to-day, to-morrow, always,
I, thy faithful Friend, am near.

LIFE IN SERVICE.

Find thy truest life in service,
Not in theories—but in deeds;
Make thy soul insist in doing,
Rather than in learning creeds.

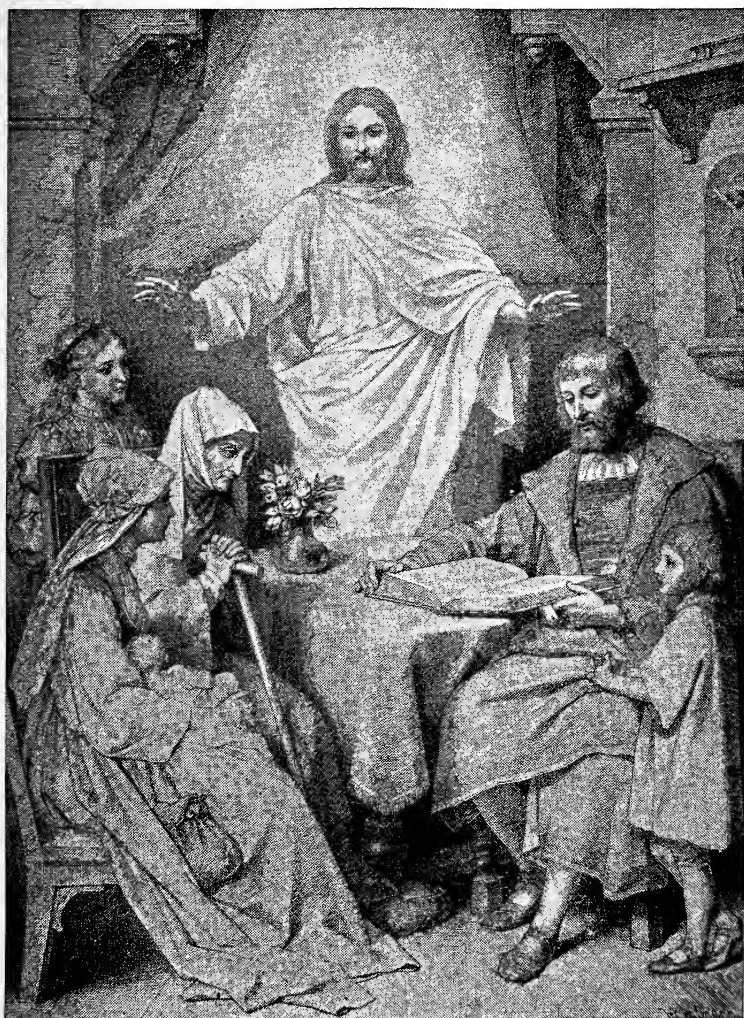
March with simple truth to service,
Stand with God, who stands with thee,
Abide abreast with duty,
Be bold, courageous, free.

Study truth for daily guidance,
Make it fit all human needs,
Thus thy life will earn the values
Miss'd by simply learning creeds.

WE WONDER WHY.

Sometimes in life we wonder why
The heart must ache, the lip must sigh;
Why disappointments cross our way,
To thwart the hopes we hold to-day.
'Ah, soul, the Father hath His plan,
Beneath these ways we cannot scan,
And ever shall His purpose be
Worked out for good to you and me,
If we will wait.

To know that through the strain and stress
Of human hearts, when burdens press;
To know that when our life holds care,
The Son of God, the Christ, is there—
Will give us faith for paths of night,
Will change the darkness into light,
Along the way.



At The Beautiful Gate—7

“THE SON OF GOD, THE CHRIST, IS THERE.”



LIKE HIM.

Just to be like Him,
In thought and deed,
Living a language
Which each can read ;
Letting our light shine
Where'er we be ;
Seeking in all things,—
Likeness to Thee.

Just to be like Him,
Bearing our cross,
Sharing successes,
Meeting our loss ;
Yet ever seeing
In every place,—
The signs of God's promise,
The smile of His face.

THE ANGELS OF EASTER.

There is no heart which needeth not
To see the lilies bloom,
As emblems of the risen life
Beyond the narrow tomb.

The Resurrection of our Lord
Is yet each Easter told,
While lilies and their kindred flowers
From winter's throes unfold.

Beside the sepulchre where rest
The dust of those we love,
Each lily-bloom in God's wide world
Doth whisper, "Look above."

There is no death, the Lord of life
Hath conquered e'en the tomb,
And from the clods oft wet by tears
Hope springs, while lilies bloom.

Oh, may the angels meet us yet
On this new Easter-tide,
And lead us through our griefs to find
The risen Christ who died.

TRUE RELIGION.

The religion I am after,
You need no creed to see,
It's the kind the Bible shows us
In Christ of Galilee.

It is that which helps the halting,
And opens eyes long blind,
And forgets itself so often
In order to be kind.

It is such as lifteth burdens
From souls too weak to bear ;
And however small its portion,
In love will stoop to share.

The religion I am after
Will last the long years through,
And no matter what the weather,
Will leave a joy or two.

'Tis the sort which throws the Summer
O'er days oft dark and drear,
And which makes you oftentimes wonder
Whether Heaven isn't near.

'Tis the kind which feels the movings
Of the Spirit in its breast,
As it findeth, like an angel,
The lonely and opprest.

It is such that meets the sinner
Without contempt or frown,
And, in his struggle after God,
Points out the victor's crown.

The religion I am after,
You need no creed to see,
'Tis the kind the Bible shows us
In Christ of Galilee.

THE POISE OF TRUST.

There is one dear little lesson
Our hearts would fain pass by;
Yet one we each could master,
If each would will to try.
'Tis that short but irksome lesson,
O'er which we each lament;
Teaching how in every moment
To claim a sweet content.

We wondered why the Teacher
Review'd this page each day
And said so much about it,
In such a patient way;
Yet, we said: "I'll ne'er need it,"
And pushed the book aside;
And I think that He was sorry—
Though He never stopp'd to chide.

'Twas the page which taught of trusting
When everything goes wrong,
In One whose love is boundless,
Whose strength can make us strong;
Which told us not to worry much,
But cast on Him all care,
And calmly rest and do our best,
Always and everywhere.

We've learned part of that lesson
By pressure it may be,

Yet through mistakes and follies
We now have come to see—
That life is poised by trusting;
That happiness is blent
With the will to do our duty,
And be in all content.

COMPENSATION.

Beautiful thoughts make beautiful days,
Beautiful steps trace beautiful ways,
Beautiful words bring peace untold
Everywhere as the years grow old.

The sunny soul on a darkened road
Brightens the heart, lightens the load,
Lets in Heaven, and whispers rest
Over the toils of lives opprest.

The helping hand may always shift
The sails of souls long gone adrift;
May let the winds of God blow in
To bear them out from shoals of sin.

And many an anchor has been weigh'd
Because another soul has prayed,
And laid its burdens and its fears
Upon the Christ who always hears.

And yonder by the golden strand,
The kindly turns we often plann'd,
Returning home, will each be fraught
With greater blessings than we thought.

YET GOD'S LOVE SHINES.

Thou hast had a happy day,
Sunshine, peaceful all the way;
Speckless sky and hearts so dear,
Helpful smiles and words of cheer,—
Praise Him for it all.

Gifts abundant, ne'er a need
Which His goodness did not read.
Joy abounding, not a care
To disturb thee anywhere,—
Praise Him for it all.

Many days of cloudless blue,
Many friends, loving and true;
Mercies falling from above,
Tokens all around of love,—
Praise Him for it all.

Morning dawns with cheerless sky,
Heart in sadness, lips now sigh;
Cross is heavy, strength so small;
Yet God's love shines through it all,—
Praise Him for it all.

THE WORDLESS PRAYER.

A thousand wordless prayers arise
From needful hearts toward yonder skies,
And day by day they bear the stress
Which human speech could not express.
Far up to God their way they trace,
And bring from Him the needed grace.

We each are conscious of some need,
But who of earth can ever read
The silent calls which reach the Throne,
From souls whom Jesus calls "His own"?
The sigh, the tears, the grief, the fears,
Which run like shadows 'thwart the years;
These each to God have voice which pleads
For mercy's answer to their needs.

'Tis often when we do not know,
That God is nearest, here below,
For back of narrow sense His power
Vibrates with feeling every hour;
And Love Incarnate stoops to heal
The weaknesses we never feel.

Ah, blessed be the tender Heart
Of Him who came to bear our part!
Whose thoughts still hold, though gone on high,
Whose mercy fathoms every sigh.

Oh, Master of the soul, incline
Our life to feel the touch Divine,
And may we each responsive be
To all which leads toward God and Thee.

THE EVENING PRAYER.

Follow with Thy blessing, Father,
Where this day our hearts have wrought,
Lest the purpose and the labor
These have given come to naught.

Here a smile upon a spirit
Pressed to sadness by a loss,
There a helping hand extended
To another with his cross.

There a tear was shed with sorrow,
And where human heart was weighed
By a thousand cares and troubles,
In Thy name we stopped and prayed.

To the hungry and the needy
We dispensed our willing dole,
And we sought to guide a pilgrim
Toward the Homeland of the soul.

We rejoiced with those enjoying
New found blessings from above,
And we taught the little children
Of the Saviour's wondrous love.

And we sat within the evening,
Just to leave a word of cheer
With the aged, who are waiting
Till the Heavenly call they hear.

Blessed hath this lowly service,
We have given, been to-day ;
Follow with Thy richest blessing,
And accept it, Lord, we pray.

THE RAIN-DROP.*

It was but a tiny rain-drop
That fell from an ashen sky,
Which flash'd a light through the window
As I glided swiftly by.

Through the rifts of the clouds beyond me
Came a ray of sunlight fair,
Which kissed the falling rain-drop,
And left a bright rainbow there.

With its life of new-won beauty,
It shone through its little day,
'Till the rift in the cloud was mended
And the light was shut away.

But, ah! it had filled its mission,
And all to its heart was right,
When God closed the leaden shutters
And girt its life by night.

For one soul had seen its beauty—
Was cheered on his passing way,
Because it carried a sunbeam
On its tiny face that day.

* Written on the train during a storm.

SWEET STARS.

Sweet stars of hope shine down
Into our holden eyes,
Beckoning through the night
Earth's pilgrims to the skies.

Sweet stars of hope shine in
Upon the soul's unrest,
Reflecting there the calm
Which dwells within Thy breast.

Sweet stars of hope, God let
Through sorrow's shadows shine,
Bringing to tears and griefs
The light of Heaven divine.

Sweet stars of hope shine bright
Through every tomb's dark way,
And may thy beams portend
The dawn of life's long day.

Send good hope, unfailing,
Thy joy to anxious eyes,
Whisper 'cross the silence
God's message from the skies.

CALVARY.

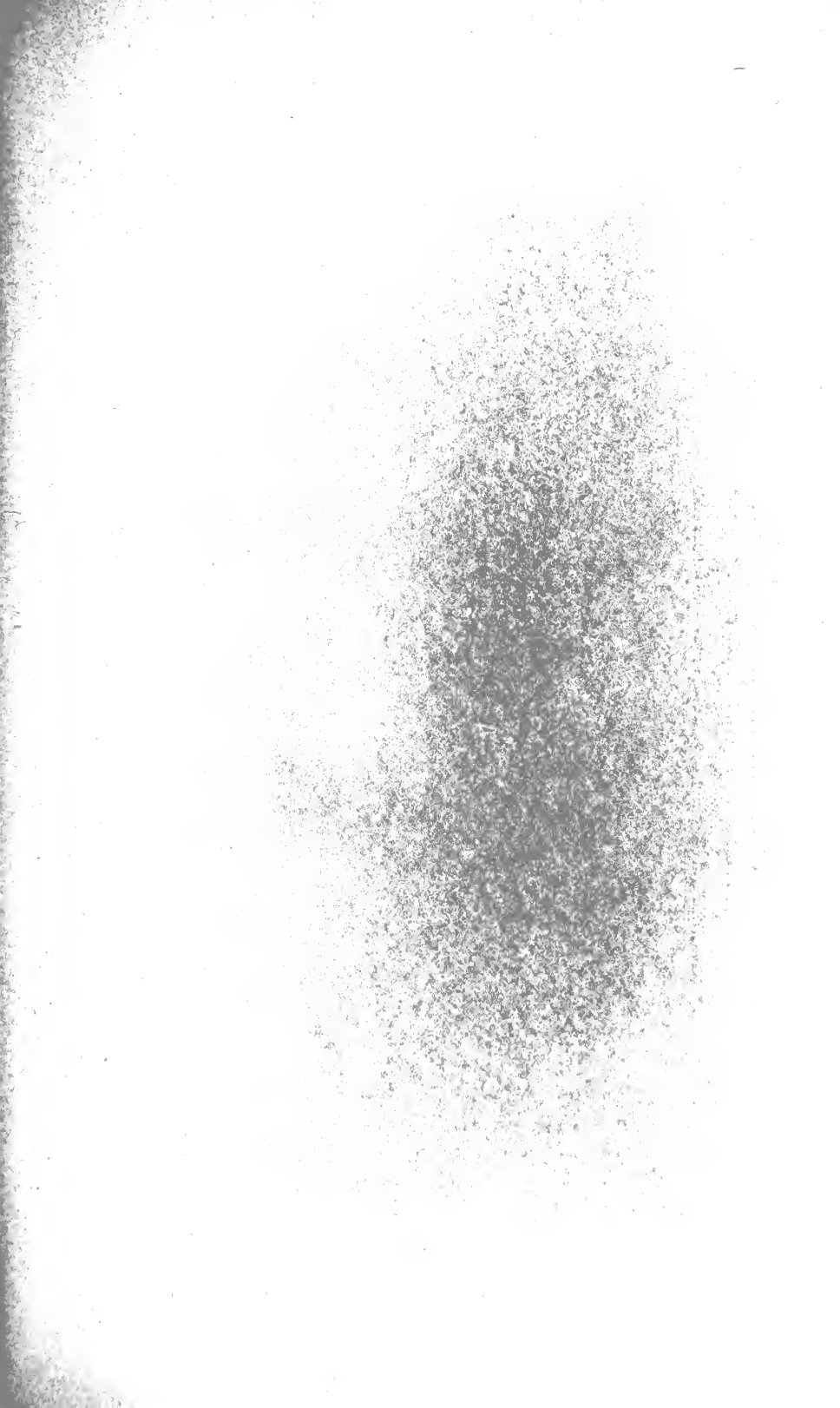
Oh, Calvary, we love thee,
For on thy hilly side
The Son of God, our Saviour,
In meek submission died.
There on Thy cross suspended,
Forth from his pierced side,
Flowed streams incarnadine,
Redemption to provide.

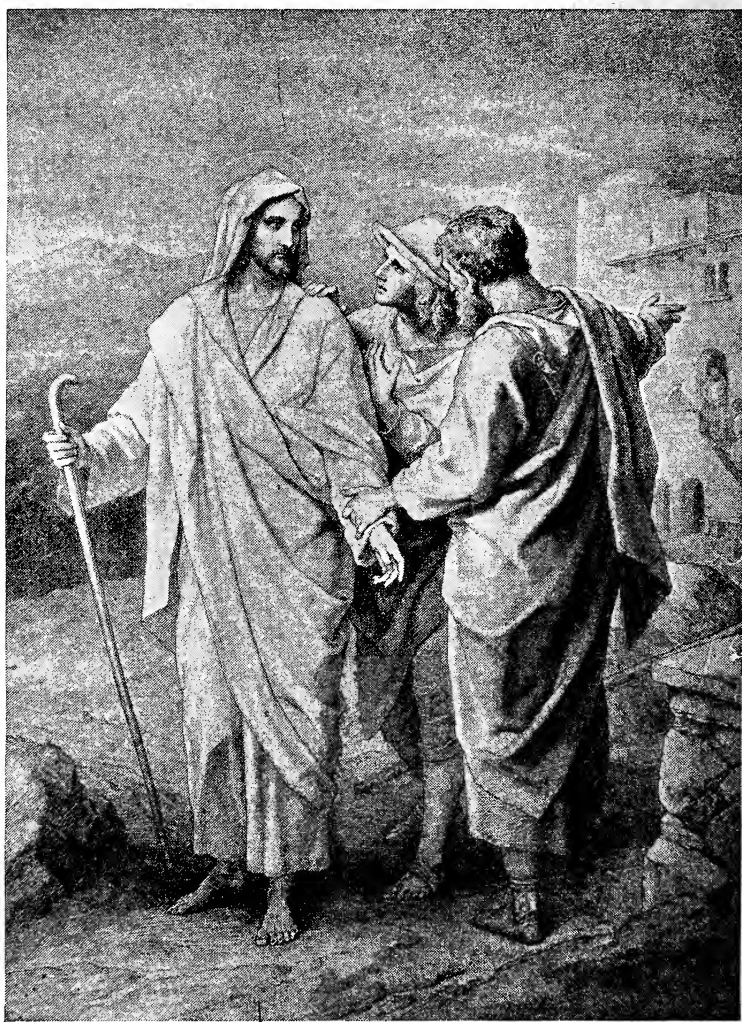
Oh, Calvary, remind us
Beneath our heavy cross,
That though we often stumble
We cannot suffer loss ;
For He who up thy hillside
Bore such an heavy load,
Will help us with our burdens
Along the roughest road.

Oh, Calvary, speak often,
For we forget so soon,
How night with weird darkness
Hung o'er thee, just at noon.
And when in life's bright mid-day,
O'er us the shadows fall,
And we begin to murmur,
May we thy night recall.

Oh, Calvary, blest Calvary,
To us thy memories bring,

For faith is quickened only,
And round thy cross we cling.
Speak to us of our Saviour,
As through the world we go,
Who died on thy dark summit,
Because He loved us so.





At The Beautiful Gate—8

“OH, THOU WHO O’ER A TIRED ROAD.”

'TIS AFTERWHILE.

Oh, thou who o'er a tired road
Hast toiled towards home to-day,
And long'd to know when rest would come,
The Scriptures to thy questions say—
'Tis afterwhile.

Oh, thou who lookest toward the skies
Through windows marked with rain,
And wonder when the clouds will pass,
And sunshine laugh again—
'Tis afterwhile.

Oh, thou, who lonely, oft are sad
In paths you walk alone,
Who patient, bide the Father's time
To greet and clasp thine own—
'Tis afterwhile.

WHEN THE TIDE RUNS HIGH.

Cast thy bread upon the waters,
Cast it when the tide runs high,
Cast it o'er the ebb returning,
You will find it by and by.
For love never leaves her blessing
'Midst the many needs of men,
But some day, as saith the promise,
She shall gather all again.

Cast thy bread upon the bosom
Of the streams that pass to-day,
For it may be God has station'd
Some poor soul along the way,
Who is waiting for the coming
Of the gift He bids thee send;
Give it while the tide is flowing,
In the name of God and friend.

Cast thy gift upon the current,
Though to thee it seemeth small;
For the scantest 'ones oft carry
Untold blessing where they fall.
For within our day the Master,
Still, as in the times of old,
Multiplies the gifts we offer
Sixty and an hundred fold.

TRUTH.

My soul, within thy temple welcome Truth,
Though travel-stained its outer garments be ;
Give it a place, where godly prophets stand,
Be thou the hearer, as it speaks to thee.

Expel from out thy chancel such as frown
At other light than yesterday reflects,
Be thou that soul that stays not with to-day,
But with the morrow greater truth expects.

'A WORD UNKIND.

'A little word with an arrow's dart,
Poisoned and aimed at a human heart;
 How they fly from tensioned bows!
With an eye of sin behind the string,
Guiding the course of its outward fling,
 A loosened hold, and forth it goes.

THE CHRISTIAN'S PRAYER.

Help me, oh, loving Father,
Through even shade and shine
To know, to know Thy promise,
To make, to make each mine;
To lean far out upon them,
When everything around,
Save faith, which reacheth Godward,
Lies prostrate on the ground.

Help me, oh, loving Father,
Throughout the empty day,
When hopes ephemeral vanish,
Each pressing need to lay
Close where thy heart hath beatings
Of sympathy divine,
With every struggling purpose
Within this heart of mine.

Help me, oh, loving Father,
Who needs Thee more than I,
As through life's open windows
I see Thy love go by,
With kindly hand dispensing
Each moment's needed grace?
Help me thereby the better
To fill some lowly place.

Help me, oh, loving Father,
Each broken stitch to mend,

And make each humble purpose
Of mine with Thine to blend,
And when these waning moments
And life's long day shall meet,
May I this joy be given,
To stand in Thee complete.

THE HELPING HAND.

Can I help another
By some word or deed?
Can I scatter blessing
O'er a soul's sore need?

If I can, then let me
Now, within to-day,
Help the one who needs me
On a little way.

THE DAISY'S LESSON.

Well, to-day I saw a daisy,
Down across the old mill race,
Blooming 'mid the scatter'd clover
In a lonely sort of place.

'All day long this daisy patient
Toyed amid the meadow grass,
Catching now and then a sunbeam
Or a shadow that might pass.

Seemingly content and happy,
Down across the old mill race;
All the day this wenty daisy
Carried sunshine in its face.

As I hasten'd by it taught me
Not to spurn a lowly place,
'And to carry with me always
Lots of sunshine in my face.

BITS OF SUNSHINE.

A little bit of sunshine,
A little word or two,
Just falling as the moments
Suggest the way to you,
These will change the features
Of the world's sad face,
And give some soul the courage
To stand within his place.

A little bit of sunshine,
Enough to throw a smile
Upon some downcast spirit,
His sorrows to beguile;
Ah, this is what is needed
More often than we know,
By those whose hearts are aching
Along their paths below.

Little bits of sunshine
Caught from the skies above,
Just falling with the moments
From out an heart of love;
Such service truly given
To each will surely bring,
Its blessing here, and yonder,
From Christ, our Lord and King.

RESIGNATION.

Just to live, dear Christ, for Thee
All the day.

Pressing near Thy Father-heart
All the way.

Learning there, close by Thy side,
How, in times of need, to hide
Myself in Thee.

Just to leave the Spirit do
What He will,
Though His bidding be to go
Or be still.

For the sweetest hours to me
Have been those when led of Thee.
Oh, lead me still!

HAVE FAITH IN GOD.

'Art thou weary of thy cross?
Have faith and pray.
Be patient, strength will come,
Strength for to-day.

For near thee bides the Christ
Who Calvary trod;
Who comes again to say,—
“Have faith in God.”

So tender is His word
To all opprest;
“Lean thou on Me, and I
Will give thee rest.”

Rest for the homeward way.
Then be thou strong;
For cross will come the Crown,
To thee ere long.



SPECIAL EDITION . ENLARGED . ILLUSTRATED

AT THE BEAUTIFUL GATE

A BOOK OF POEMS OF THE HEART

BY

REV. I. MENCH CHAMBERS

Author of "HAROLD PAYSON"

REV. I. MENCH CHAMBERS.

My Dear Sir :—I have been greatly pleased with the little poems that have come to me from your pen. Your friend,

JOHN WANAMAKER.

These verses are full of tenderness, and are fitted to give cheer and inspiration to those who are striving to live a beautiful life. They are such verses as tired and discouraged people like to find, as they bring an uplift in their strong hopefulness. * * * * *

They are as good as sermons—better than many sermons—carrying in them thoughts of helpfulness.

REV. J. R. MILLER, D. D.

What Mr. Eugene Field has done for children, Mr. Chambers has done and is doing for Christians ; for what are Christians (alike infant and adult) but the Heavenly Father's own children? These are lovely lays, alike for the nursery, the sick chamber, the tired toiler, and all desolate ones.

REV. GEORGE DANA BOARDMAN, D. D.

I am sure that the clear thought, terse style, poetic form, and devotional spirit of these poems will express the unvoiced aspirations of many a soul and quicken the spiritual life of many a believer.

REV. WM. DAYTON ROBERTS,

First Presbyterian Church, Camden, N. J.

The author, a clergyman, states in the preface that it was not written for the pleasure of the critic, but for the comfort and cheer of those who may have had experiences akin to his own. His purpose will be appreciated by every reader. Apart from their sweet, helpful spirit, the poems are executed with fine taste. This, however, is a subordinate quality in all poetry. Brain, not feet, are the main element, in poetic creations. Poetry is the harmony of ideas. Mr. Chambers, in this respect, is especially happy.—*Presbyterian Journal, Phila.*

The faithful minister gathers his lessons not only from sacred writ, but also from the lives about him, outside of books, lessons learned by emotions, perplexities, trials, seasons of joy and pain. These poems preach in briefer, more pointed form than sermon lessons gathered through many years of sympathetic insight. They are at once helpful and inspiring, and will carry courage to many who need the strength and cheer of hopeful Christian words.—*The Public Ledger, Phila.*

These verses are tender, breathing the mind of Christ. They are laden with thoughts of Christ which the author has learned from his Master, and then has breathed out in song. There is a class of religious poems which enter into the common experience of human life, but which give no new hope or courage to those who are walking under burdens or in the shadows. These verses are not only sympathetic but they are full of inspiration. Thus they are in the best sense helpful. Those who read them will be strengthened and comforted by their hopefulness.—*Westminster Teacher.*

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